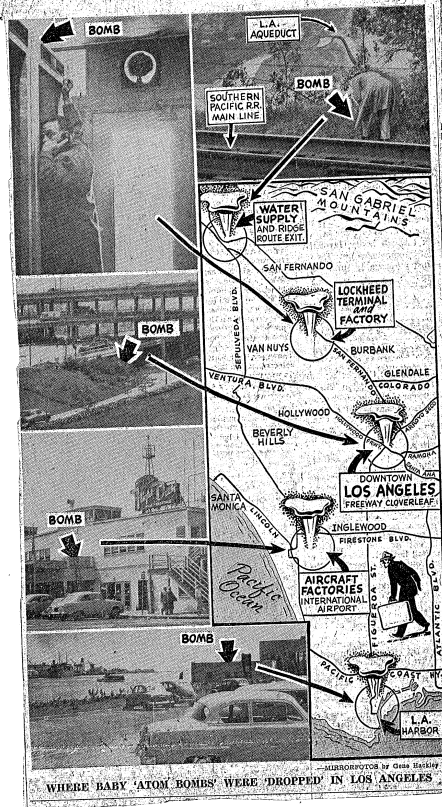


REPORTER PLANTS MOCK ATOMIC BOMBS

Key Points in L.A., San Francisco 'Mined' With No Opposition



WHERE BABY 'ATOM BOMBS' WERE 'DROPPED' IN LOS ANGELES

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hand luggage, golf bags, cardboard cartons or was out of the house. The suitcase A-bomb is reputed to be the "more powerful Hiroshima and Nagasaki" with the explosive force of 20,000 tons of TNT.

The Mirror had imitation A-bombs made in a Los Angeles machine shop. Two feet long and with a bore of slightly over two inches, they looked like the real thing.

I had no difficulty crossing and re-crossing the border at Tijuana. It was shockingly simple.

Once in Mexico, I removed the "bombs" from the trunk of my car and placed them in the back seat—in full view of my inspecting eyes. It was a waste of time. No one looked.

I crossed the border at 9:25 a.m. on a week day with Press photographer Gene Hackley, who accompanied me on the "crazy" trip. The customs inspection was routine.

"Where were you born?" Hackley answered "Missouri." I was born in England and it was necessary for me to show my naturalization papers.

"I might add that credentials or the lack of them are no handicap to a saboteur. Forged papers are obtained easily in Tijuana and at a dozen other places on our borders. The inspection took 40 seconds."

Six hours later I planted the mock A-bomb—Number 133—at mammoth Parker Inn, which supplies water and electric power to Los Angeles and most of the Southland.

For a reporter it was relatively easy. For a trained secret agent, it would have been child's play.

I parked at the edge of the dam site, carried the bomb to the center of the dam and hid it in a crevice of a towering column. No one stopped me. I doubt if anyone even saw me.

The only two persons in the area were workmen laboring in a quarter of a mile away.

One car passed. Hackley was taking a picture of me planting the bomb. "Hey," the driver shouted, "don't you know you can't take pictures in here?" We ignored him and he drove on.

I walked away from the planted "bomb" with the uneasy feeling that an enemy agent actually had destroyed one of L.A.'s lifelines with a single minuet bomb having a destructive radius of two miles.

Planting the other nine "bombs" was similarly easy. Here's the itinerary and time schedule of a "saboteur" bent on wreaking death and destruction throughout the State:

HOOVER DAM, Bomb 154, mid-morning—There were a half dozen armed guards at the dam site but not one noticed me as I carried the "bomb" into a maintenance closet adjoining the men's restroom on the Nevada side and secreted it behind a cabinet. As I left, a loudspeaker was proudly heralding the 5,000,000th admission to the guided tour.

SAN FRANCISCO'S GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, Bomb 155, 10:30 a.m., second day—It was raining when I placed the third "bomb" behind a 4x4 wooden bracing on the bridge railing 35 feet from the suspension tower on the Marin County side. Nearby, a sign warned: "Military Reservation. No Trespassing."

OAKLAND-SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE, Bomb 156, two hours later—I planted two "bombs" on the Bay Bridge although one would suffice to cut

this vital link in the industrial complex and bottle up what shipping it didn't destroy in San Francisco harbor.

I planted the first "bomb" in a concrete blockhouse on the bridge's upper level. Then, as a further test of public vigilance, I put a second "bomb" behind a massive iron hose directly opposite the bridge approach to the Navy's Treasure Island.

P.A.N. HIGHWAY JUNCTION L.A., Bomb 146, daybreak, third day—I placed this "bomb" six feet from the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad's main link to the north near the junction of highways 99 and 6 and in sight of the spillways and water supply. This was intended to sever two of the most important evacuation roads in the Los Angeles area and cut off water.

LOCKHEED AIR TERMINAL, Bomb 145, 10:30 a.m., Call Therman 69203 and ask anyone who answers to look on top of the phone booth. There you will find the seventh of my 10 imitation A-bombs. The phone booth is but a stone's throw from the assembly lines where many of the nation's war planes are made.

And in the immediate vicinity are acres and acres of homes and tens of thousands of people. An A-bomb would destroy the factory totally. Few residents in the blast area could survive.

FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF, CIVIC CENTER, Bomb 147, 10 a.m.—A stalled auto on the freeway is no cause for alarm. Happens every day. I had a "breakdown" on the lower level of the freeway stack downtown—just long enough to plant an "egg" off the roadside and cover it with refuse and debris.

That "bomb" could blow the heart out of L.A. and cripple emergency and law-enforcement agencies.

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, Bomb 148, noon, came an air-conditioning unit box on the upper-deck of the main administration building. International is the hub of our airplane manufacturing industry. In addition to North American Aviation Co. and Hughes Aircraft Co., the area within the blast radius of the midsize A-bomb would encompass the majority of aircraft subcontractors and suppliers.

LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Bomb 149, 2 p.m.—Remember the Bilibid A-bomb when the exploded bomb sent up clouds of radioactive spray which rained on nearby test ships? I placed the last "bomb" under a locked green tool chest eight feet from the water's edge.

The tool chest is 50 feet from the headquarters of the Police Harbor Patrol and directly across the narrow channel from the Mobilgas plant BOOM! And their flash, boom, radiation and the added horror of fire fed by an outpouring of gas and fumes from the ditch area.

That's the story of 10 pieces of pipe and what they could have done if they were the real thing—and I am enemy agent.

It's the story behind the FBI warning against baby A-bombs that can be smuggled into the United States if the people are not informed and alert.